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LADY MARGUERITE ROSE TANGYE, whose photograph appears on the cover of *The Tatler* this week, is the wife of Mr. Nigel Tangye of Glendorgal, St. Columb Minor, near Newquay, Cornwall, whom she married in 1951. She is the daughter of the late Earl of Darnley who died last year, and the late Daphne Countess of Darnley, and a sister of the present Earl of Darnley. Lady Marguerite has a twin son and daughter by a previous marriage, Gareth and Lucinda Haywood, who were born in 1943

Baron

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 8th to February 15th

**Feb. 8th (Wed.)** The Duke of Gloucester, their Colonel-in-Chief, visits the 10th Royal Hussars at Tidworth to bid farewell to the regiment before its departure overseas. Coursing: The Waterloo Cup (2 days). The Winter Ball at the Dorchester Hotel. Racing at Haydock Park (2 days). First night of *Misalliance* by Bernard Shaw, with Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey, at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

**Feb. 9th (Thur.)** Princess Margaret attends the European première of *The Court Jester* at the Plaza Theatre. Proceeds for the West Indian Hurricane Relief Fund. Racing at Wincanton. First night of *The Threepenny Opera* at the Royal Court Theatre. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's first Mozart Bicentenary Concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

**Feb. 10th (Fri.)** Cruft's Dog Show at Olympia (2 days). Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Ball at Kirtlington Park. Mrs. F. A. Simonds's dance for her granddaughter, Miss Erica Simonds, at the Ladies Carlton Club. Racing at Lingfield Park (2 days).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's second Mozart Bicentenary Concert at the Royal Festival Hall. England v. Holland women's hockey match at Wembley.

**Feb. 11th (Sat.)** Private view of the National Society of Painters and Sculptors exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries. Rugby Football: England v. Ireland at Twickenham. Association Football: Wales v. England (amateur) at Swansea. Racing at Warwick and Wetherby.

**Feb. 12th (Sun.)**

**Feb. 13th (Mon.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends a concert in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Concert Artists' Association. Racing at Leicester (2 days).

**Feb. 14th (Tues.)** Opening of the river Tweed salmon netting season at Norham, Northumberland (Blessing of the Waters, and Nets Ceremony.) Anglo-Belgian Union dance at 6, Belgrave Square.

**Feb. 15th (Wed.)**

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# Elmwood







## Her Majesty steps out into the sunshine of Africa

THE ENTHUSIASM with which the Queen has been greeted by her Nigerian subjects has been an amazing tribute both to her own popularity and to the deep feeling of Commonwealth unity in the Federation. Her Majesty is seen, shortly after her

arrival by air, with Oba Adeniji Adele II, President of the Lagos City Council, who greeted her with a loyal address at the city boundary. The dense and wildly excited crowds lining the Queen's route into Lagos included no fewer than ten thousand schoolchildren



## A YOUTHFUL CAMERAMAN

JOHN Marquis Sandeman-Allen, who is seen here showing an early interest in photography, is the eldest grandson of the Earl and Countess of Woolton. He is three years old. His parents, Major John H. Sandeman-Allen and Lady Margaret Sandeman-Allen have two elder daughters, Judith aged eight, Hilary six, and a younger son Charles, aged two. Their home is in Egerton Crescent



Eric Coop

## Social Journal

## Jennifer

### ROYAL PREVIEW AT DRURY LANE

THE vast Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was packed for the preview of the new American musical *Plain and Fancy*. This special performance was given to raise funds for King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers at Beaumont House, Beaumont Street, always fondly known as "Sister Agnes's" after the founder, Sister Agnes Keyser. The present hospital, a fine building, was opened by the late Queen Mary in 1948, and all commissioned officers of the Forces are eligible for admission to it, whether they are serving, retired or ex-temporary.

The object of the Council administering it is to provide accommodation to subscribers at the lowest cost. The hospital is mainly for the treatment of acute surgical and medical cases, who get the best treatment in the country from a wonderful medical staff. There are now forty beds, but the hospital has been disclaimed by the Minister of Health and is therefore entirely dependent on voluntary support.

Subscribers are asked to pay a minimum of £1 yearly and the Honorary Appeals Secretary, that grand figure known as

"The Mate," otherwise Commander Sir Jameson Adams, who worked indefatigably for the preview, will always be pleased to receive any donations at 15 Ormond Yard, Duke of York Street, S.W.1.

He told me they are just about to build a much needed new Nurses Home on a site opposite the hospital. This has been made possible through a handsome gift from the American War Relief Committee, and it is going to be a model of its kind.

EVERYONE who gave their support to this splendid little hospital by buying tickets for the preview had a wonderful evening. *Plain and Fancy* is an interesting variation on previous U.S. musicals and should fill the "Lane" for some months. Princess Margaret, who is an enthusiast for piquant tunes and colourful décor, was present at the preview, and looking very pretty in a sapphire blue dress and diamond necklace, watched it from the Royal Box. Lady Osborn was chairman of the committee arranging this preview and received the Princess with Gen. Sir Gerald Templer, the President.

Among the audience were Lady Templer, Sir Danvers Osborn, Lady Victoria Scott, and

Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, all three sitting in the front row of the stalls. Sir Eric Mieville, escorting the Marquise de Casa Maury, was sitting next to Sir Robert and Lady Bird in the second row. Nearby were Mr. Clive and Lady Barbara Bossom, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paget, the Hon. Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Warren Pearl.

ON the other side of the theatre were Brig. Derek Schreiber, Mr. Helmut Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith and Viscount Stormont and his bride, who in the interval were talking to the Hon. Caroline Dewar and Major and Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett. Major Telfer-Smollett was leaving next morning by air with his regiment for Cyprus, and his wife, he told me, is flying out to join him later.

Among others I saw in the interval who had come to support the hospital and enjoy the new musical were Lady Plender, Lord and Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, Mr. and Mrs. John Courage with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, Miss Ann Barber, who was one of the bevy of pretty girls selling programmes, Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted and Mr. Bill and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn.



THE Mayor of Westminster and his very charming and attractive wife Mrs. Patrick Stirling gave a most impressive evening reception at the Savoy Hotel. The hostess, who is tall and extremely elegant, wore a beautiful dress of pale blue chiffon cleverly draped and gauged, and a diamond tiara. She stood with her husband the Mayor in front of a large vase of exquisite flowers receiving the guests, who numbered several hundred. They included the Lord Mayor and Mrs. Ackroyd, the latter in a becoming dress of lime green satin and a little tiara, Lady Petrie the Mayor of Kensington, also wearing a tiara with her emerald green dress, and the Mayors and Mayoresses of several neighbouring boroughs.

The Diplomatic Corps was represented by the Doyen, the Norwegian Ambassador, and Mme. Prebensen, who looked most attractive in palest grey with platina foxes round her shoulders, the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, who was in red satin, the Portuguese Ambassador and his lovely wife who wore a dress of beige lace. Mrs. Gerald Legge, who is a Councillor of the City of Westminster, was looking extremely glamorous wearing a diamond tiara and diamond necklace with a white satin dress with turquoise panels embroidered in turquoise beads. She was accompanied by Mr. Gerald Legge and was going round greeting and introducing friends and fellow councillors.

IT was an extremely gay and friendly party which went with great verve. I saw a former Mayor, the Hon. Arthur Howard, and Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie in grey with a tiara with a group of friends, including Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Mack and Captain and Mrs. Gerald Butler—he is Flag Lieutenant to the Board of Admiralty. Col. and Mrs. John Ward, the latter in black with a diamond tiara, were deep in conversation with the Portuguese Ambassador. Mrs. Ward has been working very hard as chairman of the committee organizing the première of *The Conqueror* at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, in aid of the Special Forces Benevolent Fund and the memorial wing of the Victory Ex-Services Club, and she told me that the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Viscount Cilecennin, the Minister of War, Brig. Anthony Head, and the Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Nigel Birch, had all promised to be present.

I met the Rev. Charles Roderick, the brilliant Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square,



VISITORS AT GSTAAD, Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, daughter of the late Sir John Latta, with Countess John de Benden and her small son Michael

who preaches so well, and his charming young wife, also Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones and their daughter Mariette who was talking to Mlle. Madalena Pereira. Councillor Charles Norton, President of the Law Society this year, was there with his attractive wife, who was in a printed satin dress.

Others enjoying the party included the Earl and Countess of Limerick, Sir Denys Lowson, the Dean of Westminster, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, Viscountess Allenby, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, and Councillor Raymond Grumbar with his fiancée.

MARY Duchess of Roxburghe recently lent her lovely flat in Hyde Park Gardens for a committee meeting to discuss plans for the Victoria League Ball of which she is the chairman. The Ball is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on July 3 and promises to be one of the best of the season. Also there was Mary Duchess of Devonshire, President of the Ball, of which Sir

Henry Price is the hon. treasurer and Major-General Sir John Marriott chairman of the organizing committee. Rose Marchioness of Headfort, who is very gallantly arranging a cabaret for the ball, was also present. It is sure to be a first-rate cabaret as she has so many friends in the theatrical world.

Lady Freyberg spoke extremely well, and Lady Worsley, a former chairman of the Victoria League, made a delightful brief speech thanking the Duchess of Roxburghe for having the meeting there and for all she was doing as chairman of the ball. Lord McGowan was there and gave a case of whisky to be auctioned or drawn for at the ball.

The Victoria League, which has its headquarters in Chesham Place, does invaluable work for men and women from all parts of the Empire, including arranging hospitality for them all over the British Isles. It is to be hoped that many of these visitors to this country, many of whom come over here as students, will be able to come to the ball, too. During the afternoon it was mentioned that already two television sets had been presented as raffle or lucky programme prizes, as well as other lovely gifts, including furniture.

★ ★ ★

FROM Kitzbuhel I hear they have had a great number of visitors to ski, and in spite of the snow not being as good as it might be everyone has had a lot of fun. What has perhaps added to the gaiety of this enchanting little Austrian town is the fact that most of the visitors have been young, and the ski-runs, I was told, have been teeming with pretty teenagers and good looking young escorts. They also had some of the Olympic trials there, which packed the place. Sir Wavell Wakefield was here for these trials.

Guests staying at the Reich Sports included the Earl and Countess of Selkirk who went for a short ski-ing holiday during the Parliamentary recess, Lord and Lady Carrington and their children, the Hon. Mrs. Alistair Gibb with her son-in-law and elder daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith Ryland, also her son Mr. Philip Gurdon and her daughter Miss Jane Gibb. Mrs. Gibb's sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Preston and the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin, were staying at the Tieffenbrunner with their husbands; also their nephew and nieces, Michael, Mary Ann and Joanna Hare.

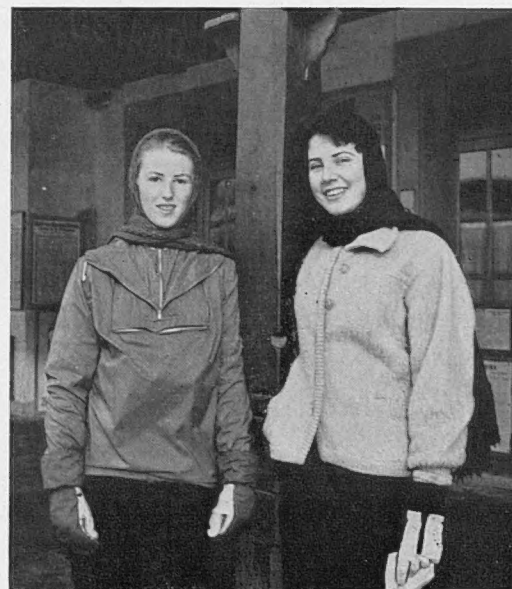
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Comte Chevreau d'Antraigues, who lives in Ouchy-Lausanne, and Mrs. Myrtle Leigh, who has a chalet at Gstaad



Mrs. H. Hutchison-Bradburne with her ten year old son John. They live at Cummoquhie, Fife



Miss Sarah Bowater, daughter of Sir Eric Bowater, waiting for a train with Mlle. Christiane Martin

Brodrick Haldane



THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR for a reception given by the Mayor of Westminster was the Savoy Hotel, where a brilliant gathering drawn from many spheres of activity bore tribute to the popularity of His Worship Councillor Patrick Stirling and his charming wife, who are seen in the picture below awaiting their guests



Cllr. Mrs. Gerald Legge, Mr. Edward Ellul, Commissioner-General for Malta, and Cllr. Hal Gutteridge



H.E. the Libyan Ambassador talking to Mme. About Fetouh and her husband, H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador

Mrs. John Chandos-Pole, in conversation with Major Clive Bosson and his wife Lady Barbara Bosson



Sir Denys Lowson, Bt. with Mme. Schreiber, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, and Ald. Calcott Price



Desmond O'Neill

## Continuing Social Journal

### An engagement party in Belgravia

Others staying at this very comfortable hotel included the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel with two of their children Sarah and Nicky, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel with her little girls Jacqueline and Lavinia, Miss Doon Plunket, and Mr. Paul Ritchie with his daughters. Staying at the Grand Hotel were Mrs. Bertram Abel-Smith and her brother Mr. Ferguson who was over from Johannesburg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Budgett, and Mr. and Mrs. Timmie Gibbs with her three sons Michael, Frederick and Peter Wills.

Praxmairs is always a popular rendezvous after ski-ing and watching the Lederhosen dancing one evening were Lord and Lady Bruntisfield, and Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Munster, Peter Munster's parents Count and Countess Paul Munster have a lovely Villa at Kitzbuhel.

★ ★ ★

I WENT rather late to a delightful little party that Sir John and Lady Dashwood gave for their younger son John and his fiancée Miss Gwenda Mark. This pleasant young couple plan to be married in London they told me, during the first week in April. The party was in the Eaton Terrace home of the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce—the latter is Sir John and Lady Dashwood's only daughter.

Both Sir John and his wife were busy greeting friends who had come to meet their future daughter-in-law; these included the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, the Hon. George Ward, the Hon. Mrs. Martyn and Sir Malcolm Sargent, who told the young couple he hoped they were

inviting him to their wedding! Mrs. John Dewar was there looking very well after a couple of weeks in Monte Carlo, and I met Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington who had spent a wonderful holiday in Ireland including Christmas, which they spent with Sir Alfred and Lady Beit at Russborough in Co. Wicklow. The Beits have taken a long time moving into this magnificent mansion, and supervising the unpacking of their exquisite treasures, which they have, I hear, arranged beautifully, so that it is now one of the most magnificent homes in the country.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, and Mr. Miles Huntington-Whitely, who were leaving as I arrived, also Mr. Fred Warner, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, and Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell who had come on from another party. The Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce were both there with their two enchanting young sons Alastair and James, who were in their pyjamas and dressing gowns and busy handing round nuts. When the Earl of Granville arrived, even later than I did, everything was put down promptly, they gleefully rushed to meet him, and gave him the kind of welcome that is reserved for a very favourite uncle.

★ ★ ★

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Davidson received the guests at another delightful party given by the Hispanic Council at Canning House. This was in honour of Senor Jose Maza, President of the United Nations

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control this issue of *The TATLER* may arrive late in certain areas and the number of pages may have to be curtailed.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and begs to assure them that he and his staff are doing all that is possible to keep faith.

General Assembly, and Mme. Maza, who were in this country on a brief visit. The guests there to meet them included the Spanish Ambassador, the Portuguese Ambassador, the Chilean Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador, with Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza. Also present were the Ambassadors of Libya, Colombia, and Dominica, the Chargés d'Affaires of Ecuador, and Guatemala, and the Minister for El Salvador.

I saw too the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, Mr. John and Lady Prudence Loudon—he is chairman of the Hispanic Council this year—Sir John Taylor, Director General of the Council, with Lady Taylor, Rear Admiral Thomson, Lord and Lady Forres, and Sir Charles and Lady Empson with their son and daughter. Sir Charles is our Ambassador in Chile and they were home on leave.

Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke came along, as did Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, Sir Edward and Lady Wilshaw, Sir Archibald Boyd and Sir Arthur and Lady Evans.

★ ★ ★

A FEW nights after the preview of *Plain and Fancy*, Princess Margaret attended the gala-première of the film *Helen of Troy*, starring Rossana Podesta, Jacques Sernas and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, at the Warner Theatre. This was given in aid of the Dockland Settlements and the Variety Club Heart Fund for under-privileged children. The Princess sat in the front row of the circle and her companions that evening included her cousin the Earl of Granville, Lord and Lady Ogilvy and the Hon. Dominic Elliot. Also sitting in the front row near the Royal party were Brig. Sir Norman Gwatkin and his charming mother. Sir Norman is chairman of the executive committee of officers for the Dockland Settlements.

Sitting nearby on the other side were Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon who, like several others of the audience, went on to



the Four Hundred where, like everyone else, they found plenty of friends and enjoyed an excellent supper. Here I met the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the latter as lovely as ever in black velvet. She had just returned from a visit to New York where she took her son and pretty daughter, Mr. Brian Sweeny and Miss Frances Sweeny, during the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Aileen Plunket, also very attractive in black, was in Lord and Lady Duncannon's party.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Guepin were in a party of four and nearby Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, who had also been to the première, had Mr. Geoff Todd, Miss Mary Mount, and their younger son Mr. David Bailey, with them. Lord and Lady Kilmarnock came in just after midnight, while among the other young people dancing I saw Miss Caroline Wilson, Miss Susan Clifford-Turner, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling and Mr. Philip de Laszlo.

★ ★ ★

**L**ORD Swaythling was at home at the House of Lords for a committee meeting to discuss plans for a party at the Café de Paris on March 8th to raise funds for that magnificent voluntary organization the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Lady Roderic Pratt is the efficient chairman of a very capable committee organizing the evening. Princess Margaret is to attend the party, and already tickets are nearly sold out. Lady Roderic Pratt presided at the meeting and Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor spoke very well indeed on the work of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, to whose members we all owe so much. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, the hon. treasurer, followed with a short speech.

Others who had come to the meeting to support this good cause, many of whom have taken tables for the party, included the Countess of Brecknock, the Countess of Middleton, Lady Braithwaite who is chairman of the Appeals, and also spoke, Sir Alfred Braithwaite, Major and Mrs. Frankland Moore, Major and Mrs. Guy Haseltine, and Miss Jill Benton-Jones. Besides a "super" band, there will be a cabaret and giant tombola with numerous tempting prizes. Tables may be reserved from Lady Braithwaite, 8 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

**P**LANS, I hear, are already well ahead for the Alexandra Rose Ball, always one of the gayest of the season, which is to take place in the Great Room at Grosvenor House, on May 2nd.

Last year this good ball made a clear profit of £2,697 for the Alexandra Day Fund, which goes towards caring for elderly people, cripples, children, the infirm, etc., and this year the target is £3,000. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is President of Alexandra Day, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Countess of Dalkeith and Lady Howard de Walden are Vice-Presidents, and Ierne Lady Moynihan chairman of the council, with the Lord Mayor, Ald. C. L. Ackroyd, as chairman of the administrative committee.

Miss Jane Sheffield, one of the loveliest of last year's debutantes, is chairman of a junior committee for the ball, and has a lot of young friends helping her.

Last year the committee wisely decided to limit the sale of tickets to under a thousand so that the rooms were not too crowded, but it meant they had to refuse many applications for tickets. They are doing the same this year to make it a really enjoyable evening, and it is therefore advisable to order your tickets as soon as possible from Mrs. Leslie Morshead, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10.



## THE V.W.H. DANCE AT CIRENCESTER

**B**INGHAM Hall in Cirencester was packed with guests for the annual V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) hunt ball. Among them were many followers from neighbouring hunts. Above: Miss Caroline Wilson, a 1955 debutante, dancing an eightsome with Earl Bathurst, M.F.H.

*Mrs. Gradidge, Brig. J. H. Gradidge and Mrs. J. Holford were sitting at the side of the dance floor*

*Colonel R. Chester-Master with Lady Oaksey, wife of Lord Oaksey, the former Lord Justice Lawrence*



*Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., Master of the Cotswold, was talking to Miss Penny Downing*

*Mr. Theodore d'Entrevès, Miss Susan Bazley, Miss Mary Howard and Mr. Nicholas Barker*

*Desmond O'Neill*





TWO EARLY SPECIMENS of the bulldog breed, Crib and Rosa, the property of Harry Verelst, Esq. This engraving by John Scott, from a painting by Abraham Cooper, was published in 1817. Below, the rings at Cruft's. At bottom: Last year's champion bulldog Noway's Chuckles



## WATER-RUGS AND DEMY-WOLVES

• Peter Dickinson •

EVERYDOG who is anydog will be there. Good breeding demands it, for it is Cruft's Diamond Jubilee Show. There will be crowds of Spaniels of course; they go to *all* the shows, in spite of having had that sadness in their family. Then there will be the Alsations and the Dalmatians, who have never quite got over the *Almanach de Gotha*, and the Pekes trying not to look bourgeois, and the Poodles with their slightly spurious *chic*, and the Basenjis who made their reputation in the colonies and don't speak much, and the Terriers—the Yorkshire Terriers—in fact, my dear, everydog.

Olympian judgment will be passed upon them; the difficulty is that most men believe themselves fair judges of a dog. (Dr. Johnson had no doubts: "No, sir," he said to one Taylor, who had been praising a Bulldog, "he is not well shaped; for there is not the quick transition from the thickness of the forepart, to the tenuity behind, which a Bulldog ought to have.") In spite of this universal self-confidence, good judges must be found; luckily most people who are interested enough can learn to judge a particular breed, but all-round judges are rare. They are born, it is claimed, with an instinct that will tell them whether an animal of a type they have never seen before is a good specimen or not.

THIS makes one wonder how they would cope with Ch. Woola of Thark, the only properly recorded Calot, a breed whose "Standard Description," if the Kennel Club had issued one, might run like this:

*Head.*—The head should be very broad and massive. Forehead flat. Eyes large and far apart. Tusks arranged in three rows. *Body.*—Neck short; back long; chest deep. Stern set on rather low and not carried at all gaily. *Legs.*—The legs are short, straight and muscular. There should be five on each side of the body. *Colour.*—A mottled green is desirable. *Size.*—"About that of a Shetland pony."

The Calot is also called the Martian Hound; it is recorded in *A Princess of Mars* by Edgar Rice ("Tarzan") Burroughs.

One might feel that the Kennel Club would draw the line at Calots; there is a conservative atmosphere about them. The careful Standard Descriptions, too, the details of the 109 different perfections to be striven for by the owners of the 109 different breeds in the Show, seem to have been designed to keep each breed as unvarying as an Eternal Truth.

BUT somehow it doesn't work out like that: neither Dr. Johnson nor Mr. Taylor, let alone the dog himself, would recognize the present-day descendants of the animal they were discussing. Perhaps the very fact that Bulldogs, more than any other breed, seem to exist largely to be argued about, has brought them to this unpretty pass.

Can it be right that any dog should have wished on it the air of a surly taxi-driver, the carriage of a chucker-out and the stance of a George I footstool? And still there is little hope of a resting-shape for the poor breed; the arguments, and the gradual modifications, continue: "Nothing," says A. Croxton Smith, "would please me better than to see the Bulldog restored to a more workmanlike body in conformity with the standard." The last five words sound to me suspiciously like lip-service.

SO perhaps it might be a good thing if the interplanetarians were to bring back a few Martian Hounds from their first expeditions in that direction; the existence of a wholly new strain for breeders to modify might give the Bulldogs a rest. Not many would be needed. (There were, apparently, only four Old English Mastiffs in this country at the end of the war, but with a little help from the U.S.A. there are now enough to go round.) It would be pleasant if Woola's name could appear in a few of the ramified pedigrees of Hounds shown at the Centenary Cruft's Show. It would be a change from Spaniels.

Even so, I cannot feel that it will ever be very *smart* to own a Calot, but at least its size will prevent the other dogs from looking down on it.





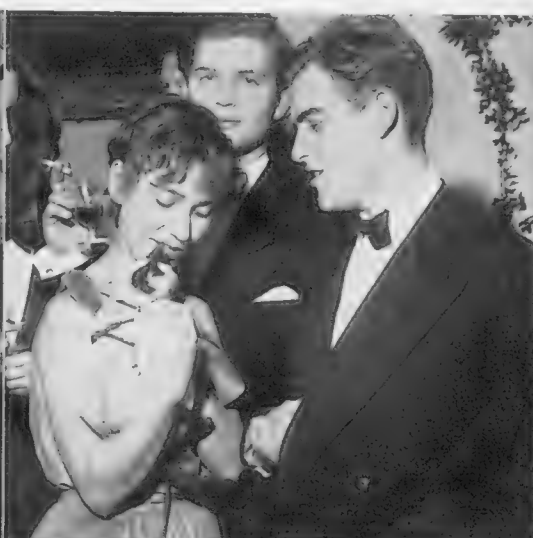
*The two hosts, Mr. Brian Welsh and Mr. Graeme McDonald, were chatting with Miss Toni Drabble and Miss Christine Baker*

## A THEATRICAL PARTY AT CAMBRIDGE

A THEATRICAL musical party was given by Mr. Graeme McDonald and Mr. Brian Welsh in the Music Room of Downing College, Cambridge, as a lively tailpiece to the Centenary Year of the University's Amateur Dramatic Club. Guests included the principals from the University musical *The Girl Next Door*. Above, Mr. John Villiers entertained with an impromptu cabaret during the course of the evening

*Dr. Malcolm Burgess, well known in Cambridge for his theatrical décor, was here with Mrs. Harold Salter*

*Count Zamoyski (centre), with Miss Shirley Hazel who had brought her Siamese cat, and Mr. Alan Williams*



*Mr. Richard King, Miss Prudence Martin, Miss Claudia Tannert and Mr. John Villiers*



*Mr. Donald Beves and (right) Mr. George Rylands, dons of King's College, with Miss Dudy Nimmo*



*Mr. Robin Midgley, Miss Adrienne Allen, the actress, and Mr. Brian Bachelor, President of the A.D.C.*



*Miss Valerie Bowstead, Mr. John Rees-Osborne, Miss Erica Greenwood and Mr. John Pardoe were others at the party*

*Van Hallan*



ABROAD YOU'RE QUITE THE MASHER  
AND SMOKE YOUR CIGARETTE!

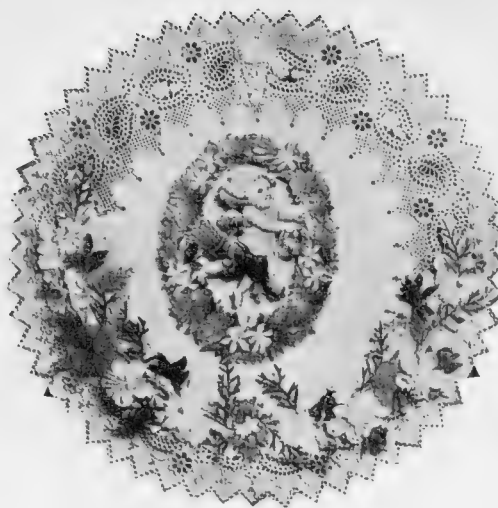


AT HOME YOU ARE A PUPPY  
WHOM NO ONE CARES TO PET!

ABROAD YOU'RE QUITE THE MASHER  
AND SMOKE YOUR CIGARETTE!



AT HOME YOU ARE A PUPPY  
WHOM NO ONE CARES TO PET!



Left: Ingenious example of an early nineteenth century valentine which, when unfolded, gave added point to its satire

Here is an attractive round Valentine with a garland in silk: from *A History Of Valentines* (Batsford) by Ruth Webb

## THE HAPPY OBSERVANCE OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

● Sydney Carter ●

ON the 14th of February, 1955, at 6.30 in the morning, a young woman at Newcastle-under-Lyme saw a strange thing in the garden. It was the model of a red heart, six feet high, with a key stuck into it. She turned the key. Twelve balloons of different colours floated up into the air, twelve stayed put, and a gramophone began to play the tune that she liked best.

The ghosts of Chaucer, Donne and Samuel Pepys—all of whom paid tribute to St. Valentine in their own day—must have raised a loyal cheer. Who now can say the English are a race of lazy lovers?

One swallow does not make a spring. But there are other signs, besides this heroic token from the Potteries, that St. Valentine is emerging from eclipse. Ten million valentines were sent in 1955—a million more than in the year before. That at any rate is the estimate of Raphael Tuck and Sons, who started making valentine cards again in 1926. Since then, the demand has steadily increased. In 1935 the G.P.O. brought out a St. Valentine Telegram, designed by Rex Whistler. But this facility, like many others, vanished with the war, and has never been restored.

VALENTINE, to most people, now means a piece of paper, not a person; but that is not the way it used to be.

Good morning! 'tis St. Valentine's Day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window  
To be your valentine!

—so sang Ophelia. Not until later did the token usurp the name of "valentine". There is another modern heresy which seems to date from the nineteenth century, and that is the idea that the sender should be anonymous. I am glad to see, from this year's samples, that makers of valentines are prepared to flout this

degenerate convention. "To my wife," one boldly says.

In the Golden Age of valentines—by which I mean, not the reign of Queen Victoria, but, rather, the reign of Charles II—there was no nonsense about anonymity. This is how the matter was arranged, according to a Frenchman named Misson who published a book about us in 1698:

An equal number of young men and young women get together: each writes his or her name on a piece of paper, which is then rolled up. The young women draw lots for the young men, and *vice versa*; and those whose names they draw are called their Valentines. Thus, everybody has two Valentines: but the closest link is between the man and the woman whose name he draws, rather than between the man and the woman who draws *him*.

NOW that they were coupled in this way, the young men were expected to arrange dances, give presents, and to wear love tokens from their valentines on their hearts or on their sleeves. Quite often, writes Misson, they fell in love as a result of this. The custom, he adds, varied from one region to another, and there was another method.

They also take, for another kind of Valentine, the first young man or woman met by chance in the street or elsewhere.

As Misson says, the men gave presents; the women (presumably) gave pleasure. Samuel Pepys submitted yearly to this gentle form of blackmail. In 1667 he describes in his diary how when he got his own wife for a valentine, he had to give her £5 worth of presents. When "Cousin Turner" drew his name, he got off more easily: the bill was 28s.

Mrs. Pepys did very well out of St. Valentine. In 1661, for example, she got "half a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters." But Mrs. Stewart, who had the Duke



of York for her Valentine, did better: she got a jewel worth £800.

Although there are traces of Valentine observances in other parts of Europe, it was the English who kept them up most faithfully. This may seem a little odd. But the Englishman was not always the cold fish he is sometimes thought to be today. Before Puritanism and the public schools had him properly tied up, the Englishman was renowned on the Continent for singing and dancing, and for letting off cannons and ringing bells when he was drunk. Englishwomen were regarded as unusually forthcoming. Erasmus was agreeably amazed, round about 1500, by the way his hostesses received him with a kiss. So perhaps it is not surprising after all that St. Valentine found his loyal supporters in this foggy isle.

But who exactly was St. Valentine?

OUR St. Valentine—for there were several—seems to have been a priest who was martyred round the year 270. He became the patron saint of lovers by an accident. He perished on the 14th of February: a date which coincided, more or less, with a Roman fertility festival called the Lupercalia. One feature of this celebration was that young men drew lots for female companions...

When Rome became Christian, the Church attempted to substitute the names of saints for those of girls. This suggestion was frostily received. Time, however, produced a working compromise; young men and women went on drawing lots, but under the ghostly chaperonage of St. Valentine. And so his name, by association, came to mean first a lover, and later a picture of a bleeding heart, a cooing dove, a tubby cupid or a Teddy Bear.

At first, valentine tokens were home made and personal; but by the early nineteenth century they were being commercially produced in both England and America. England led the way, but it was New England, in the person of Miss Esther Howland, who seems to have been the first to introduce the principle of the assembly belt in the manufacture of valentines. This highly enterprising woman with a jaw like Plymouth Rock made a fortune out of Love, and died a rich old maid.

As the century went on, cards became more and more ingenious. Valentines which pulled out like toy theatres, musical boxes, fans, swans and motor cars were on the market. You could pay several guineas for a valentine. Artists like Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane were working for the Marcus Ward Company in England. Then, with the new century, the valentine fell out of favour.

WHAT killed it? Some say it was the "comic" valentine. This was usually a caricature of a coquette, dandy, drunkard, teetotaller, miser, gossip, old maid or bachelor. Sometimes a particular calling—that of policeman, for example—was the target. Some were of a crudity, even of a cruelty, almost unbelievable. Yet these insulting valentines were not a late development; they were being mass-produced as early as the eighteen thirties, so they can hardly be the sole cause of the decline.

Modern manufacturers are not taking any chances. Like the songsmiths, they believe that in the long run sentiment is the stablest commodity. They are concentrating, this year, on the fragrant, the nostalgic and the frilly. Humour is allowed, but it has to be of the "cute" variety. Children, pussy cats and Teddy Bears are popular. Nothing vulgar, nothing unkind, nothing cynical. If you want to send a valentine to Mr. Bevan or to Mr. Macmillan, you can make it for yourself.



Above left: Choice lithograph with gold border made by a special process. Right, a Mansell valentine in cameo embossing. Both illustrations are from *A History Of Valentines*, by Ruth Webb

## THE PROGRESS OF TASTE

Where the wind blows,  
Thither she goes,  
To nothing at all ever steady;  
If Jack or Joe calls,  
She certainly bawls,  
"My good fellow, HERE, I am ready."  
So madam, just look, what a portrait we view,  
Of a turnabout, wheelabout, hussey  
like you.

In the nineteenth century coarse valentines of the type on the right, with its accompanying verse printed above, led to them falling out of favour



Two modern valentines. These are of a gentler variety than some of their forebears, their keynote being "nothing vulgar, nothing unkind and nothing cynical." (Reproduced by permission of Raphael Tuck)





"It isn't THAT amazing. Of course he put it in there while it was still an egg"

## Roundabout

**Paul Holt**

**W**HAT is the reason for this new passion the English have developed for cutting down trees?

It grows as the months go by.

First it began in Kensington Gardens, where, if you remember, the Office of Works set their executioners to operate on half the elms in sight. The reason given then was that the trees were old and rotten and a wind would bring them down to crack your head as you walked by. Everywhere you walked you could see whitewash crosses on the trunks of trees to note they were doomed, and it was not until a great gale of protest sprang up that it was stopped.

The gale was justified, for many times I walked past the trunks lying on the ground of those giants that had been slaughtered,

and saw they were whole and solid.

Now it is the Mall that suffers. Down come the trees and the excuse this time is that it is "to make a better view." I would rather have a view of the trees than a better view of the cars that queue on the pink tarmac.

**T**HE passion spreads to the suburbs. The sedate and peaceful Lewisham proposes to fell 158 big trees in five streets, sycamores, limes and that best of all London landmarks the plane tree. This time the reason given by the Lewisham works and highways committee is that the felling will help street lighting and "lessen nuisance from falling leaves and the resinous drippings from lime trees."

And the passion spreads wider still, for I remember well this summer watching Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, a tall, gentle man with mild blue eyes and an amused smile, setting off fiercely with saws and choppers to cut down trees at Inveraray on the Duke of Argyll's estate in the Western Highlands. He said he was "going to make a vista."

"Leave me a few trees," said the Duke mildly.

**A**ND the other day, walking through the woods around Holland House, I distinctly heard a small man saying "Now, we'll cut down those over there—to make a vista. But we'd better keep quiet about it, because you know how powerful these Men of the Trees are becoming."



He saw that I had overheard him and grinned sheepishly.

My own view is that the time to make a vista is when you are growing trees, not when you are cutting them down.

★ ★ ★

**M**R. Dorian Williams, Master of the Whaddon Chase, cancelled a meet because members had not heeded his warning to close gates and not to ride over winter wheat. "Unless we have the good will of the farmers we will not be able to hunt at all, and I have always tried to look after their interests," he said.

You may think this is a schoolmasterish attitude to strike and the followers and subscribers of the Buckinghamshire hunt will resent it. But Mr. Williams, who is a well-known television commentator on show jumping, knows his people and his horses, but he also knows economics.

Without the farmers there would not be a hunt at all. For they are richer, more secure—and better mounted—than most of the City men who pay £50 a year for the pleasure of hunting on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

★ ★ ★

**S**IR HAROLD NICOLSON and Mr. W. H. Auden compete for the post of Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Both would fill it well, but I do not think that poetry, which has fallen into disrepute, would be served by two such distinguished men. They must inevitably live in the past.

They must know that to make poets sing again it is necessary to encourage those who can regain contact with the people. Far too much of poetry is today so removed and remote from the common reader that it has become esoteric. A young and lusty man, a Wilfred Owen of our day, should be asked to take the chair.

★ ★ ★

**W**E are told that Miss Grace Kelly, film actress and daughter of a Philadelphia building contractor, is annoyed at reports that she will give up her film career in order to produce an heir to the principality of Monaco. She is right. Each person to the task that comes first.

She is willing to give up much in order to save Monaco the trouble of paying French taxes.

And though women are born to make sacrifices, this one seems to me to go too far.

★ ★ ★

**M**R. K. N. BEACH of Chobham, has been going into the subject of village names. Just north of Southampton there is a village named Dead Maidens; in Northumberland another named Pity Me! Tadley God Help Us near Reading; and We Three Loggerheads in Flintshire, are also strange.

But the place where I would most like to live is Wig-Wig, which is near Much Wenlock.

I do not think anybody could be unhappy there.



**MR. T. ROGER BOULTON**, Chairman of the Committee of Cruft's Show, which takes place at Olympia on Friday and Saturday, is known both in this country and abroad as an expert on the bulldog. He was for many years secretary of the Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society, and is now President of the London Bulldog Society, which has taken a leading part in improving the breed. When the widow of the late Charles Cruft transferred the organization of this famous Show to the Kennel Club after the war, Mr. Boulton acted as vice-chairman from 1948 to 1953 to Mr. J. V. Rank, and on the latter's death assumed the chairmanship. Mr. Boulton, who is an industrialist and lives in Essex, has an unusual leisure interest—he is a leading collector of miniature suits of armour

## At the Theatre

## MORASS OF CHARM

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood

SOME of us were provoked by *The Pajama Game* to suggest that the big American musicals were now treating serious themes so realistically that they risked losing the charm we have a right to expect in the song-and-dance theatre. But to generalize, alas, is about as foolish as to tread on an upturned rake. The thing flies up in your face with a cruel smack.

*Plain and Fancy*, the latest Broadway show at Drury Lane, is all charm, deep, rich, thick bucolic charm with tall milk churns, monster pumpkins and red-roofed barns sticking out everywhere to lengthen the impression of slow rural peace. It is all a cause of wonderment to two sophisticated New Yorkers who have stumbled in the wilds of Pennsylvania on a Mennonite farming community (it actually exists, you know) where religious observance is strict, hard work is the rule of life, customs are primitive, plain and unquestioned and plumbing, in a modern sense, has not been heard of yet.

All this charm is meant to turn on the piquancy of a contrast that has from *The Quaker Girl* to the Salvation Army lasses given musical comedy good service. The heartbreak of a prim maiden is all the more affecting for her primness, the waywardness of human love seems all the more anarchic when it is seen breaking against family customs which the lovers do not question.

BUT in this instance the contrast is just not strong enough to keep its piquancy. It is a little too one-sided. All the elders of the community wear big black hats and self-righteous whiskers. All the women and young girls wear pretty print frocks and black stockings. They are always likely to be found churning milk or building a barn or in full chorus proclaiming the simple beauty of the Mennonite way of life—"Plain We Live."

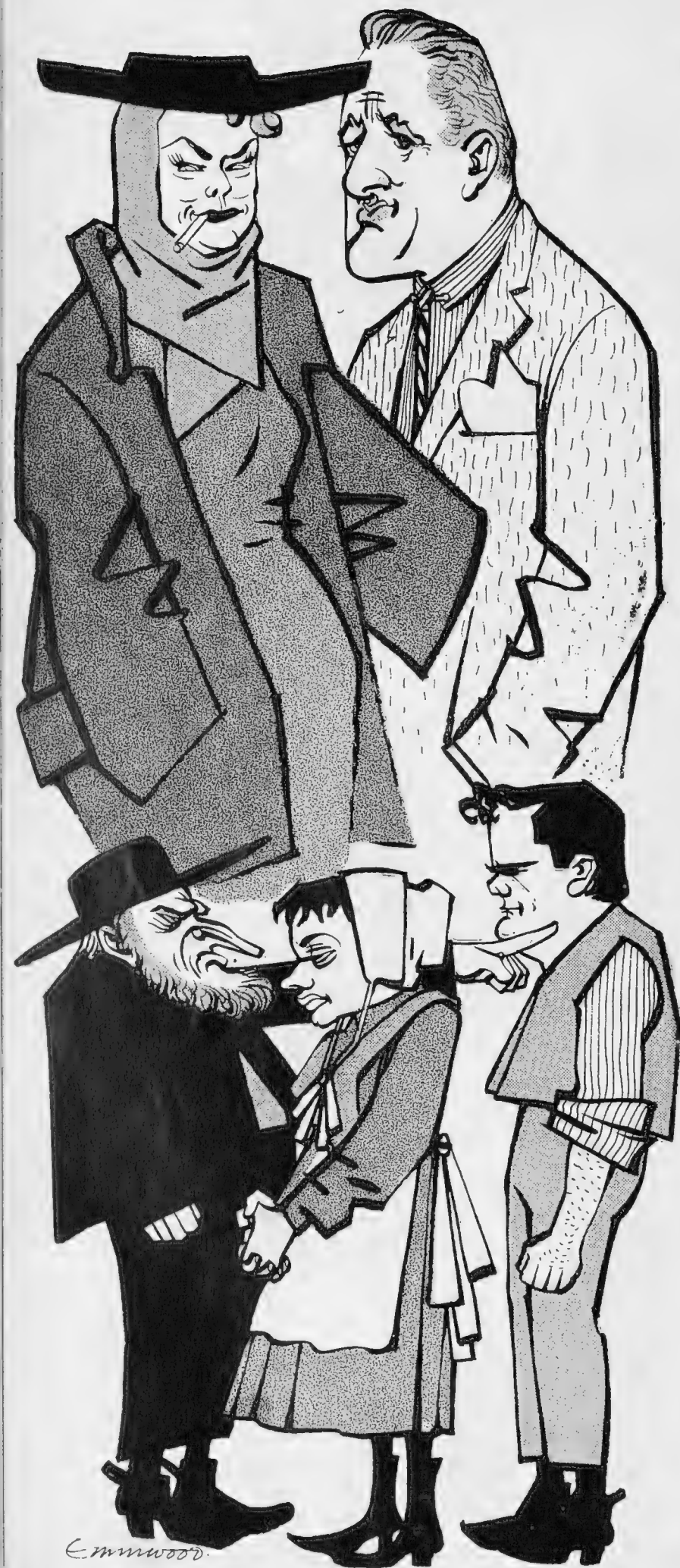
But on the other side there are only the two sophisticated New Yorkers, he wearing well tailored slacks, she her narrow skirt and fashionable lingerie which shocks and at the same time delights the Puritan maidens. They wonderingly take in the local practices, he with a kindly interest, she with game, wise-cracking tolerance. They are something but not enough of a contrast, and we are rather forced in consequence to take the Mennonites almost as seriously as they take themselves. And if we are not very careful we find them a bit of a bore.

This would not happen if all Mr. Albert Hague's tunes were as good as "Young and Foolish," but the music in general is well below the standard we have come to expect from American musicals. It is pleasant and that is all. But the story is very well told in its way.

THERE are really three stories, and they are quite nicely interwoven. Miss Grace O'Connor and Mr. Jack Drummond are the lovers star-crossed by her rich father's decision that she had better marry the strongest young farmer about the place. Her childhood sweetheart he regards as a troublemaker. He goes so far as to hold him responsible for the loss of a barn struck by lightning and imposes on the hapless youth the most dreaded punishment known to the community. He is "shunned," sent to Coventry. But there is nothing of the humbug about the inflexibly right-minded old man. The chosen husband is found the worse for drink, and that, for the patriarch, is that. Mr. Malcolm Keen is no singer, but he sets this character firmly into the narrative framework.

Miss Shirl Conway and Mr. Richard Derr have come over from New York to play the sophisticated New Yorkers, which is perhaps rather like blacking oneself all over to play Othello. The secondary parts which they play are well within the compass of half a dozen native actors, but his timing of his commonplace lines and her sure-fire way with the wisecracks, his sympathetic and her cheery personality, doubtless make this long journey worthwhile. We, at any rate, are glad they have come. Miss Joan Hovis's vivacious sketch of a high-spirited Puritan is another of the evening's pleasures.

"PLAIN AND FANCY" (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane). Sprightly New Yorker Ruth Winters (Shirl Conway) all glamour, wisecracks and the whisky bottle, comes along for the ride when her genial boy friend (Richard Derr) goes on business to the Amish country. Below: The Amish make the simple life a serious business: Papa Yoda (Malcolm Keen) wields the iron rod, Katie (Grace O'Connor) wilts under it and her true love Peter Reber (Jack Drummond) gets the brunt of it.







SOUND ADVICE FROM MOTHER is given by Barbara Couper to Anthony Parritt in a scene from the new play by Joan Morgan, *Doctor Jo*, which opens at the Aldwych Theatre on February 15th. The leading role is played by Sonia Dresdel, who as a famous woman doctor causes domestic havoc when she returns to the household of her sister and brother-in-law (Barbara Couper and Hugh Williams) after many years abroad fighting tropical diseases

## Television

### A TOUCH OF THE SPUR

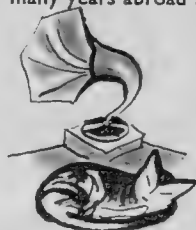
COMPETITION, even in the form of mutual imitation, has indisputably achieved a stimulating effect on B.B.C. television. Many B.B.C. programmes begin badly, but under expert guidance improve steadily, whereas the newer commercial companies seem to suffer from bright ideas which fizzle out.

When Caryl Doncaster produced the first "This Week" for Associated Rediffusion it promised to be the liveliest TV journalism yet evolved. Almost at once it went limp, while the B.B.C.'s "Panorama," after a long, erratic course, settled into the best all-round topical view, from worms to world affairs.

REDUCED to ponderous research into the identity of Shakespeare or complacent self-advertising statistics, "This Week" does not begin to compete with the new look "Panorama." The latter has made a new man of Richard Dimbleby, whether he is displaying worms or waistcoats; discovered a perfect line for Malcolm Muggeridge in gent's fashion talk; and in Woodrow Wyatt developed a political commentator who interviews politely but firmly, and reports fairly and knowledgeably from Cyprus to Washington. It seemed less than sporting of I.T.N. to report Field-Marshal Sir John Harding's statement on Cyprus without admitting that he had made it to Mr. Wyatt in a "Panorama" interview.

One of ATV's brightest ideas, John Irwin's "Sunday Afternoon," is to be withdrawn. The B.B.C. from a failed programme, "Harding Finds Out," salvaged Jacqueline Mackenzie, whose first-hand vernacular reporting is so much more dramatic than those dismal re-enacted problems in Godfrey Winn's "As Others See Us." But no Mackenzie reporting on a Burns dinner should speak of a haggis as an alien sight.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



## The Gramophone

### NOSTALGIA IN TRIPLICATE

THERE are three recently released L.P. recordings which, in addition to their nostalgic appeal, should be heard for what they are.

First on the list comes "Songs of Old Vienna," sung, with the exception of one, in German by the late Richard Tauber, who gave infinite pleasure to the millions who heard him during the late 'twenties and on into the late 'thirties. (Parlorphone PMB. 1007.)

The second recording serves to reintroduce the name of Peter Lescenco to gramophiles. He presents ten songs all recorded twenty years ago, and his beautiful baritone voice has seldom been heard to better advantage than in "How Wonderful," "Old Waltz" and "Little Ring." He sings all his songs in Russian—Lescenco was, once upon a time, to those behind the Iron Curtain what Crosby was to those in front of it! (Columbia 33CS. 10.)

AND the last of the three recordings brings a selection of well-known French songs from Charles Trenet, Tino Rossi, Edith Piaf, Les Compagnons de la Chanson, Jean Sablon, Georges Ulmer, Joséphine Baker and Mistinguett. Here, indeed, is a glamorous collection of star material, and Mistinguett contributes one of her famous songs, "Je Cherche un Millionnaire," to this galaxy. It is strange that the release of the recording should have been made only a few days before the fabulous Mistinguett died. One can but hope now that we shall be given the opportunity of hearing a L.P. devoted entirely songs to sung by her. Such a recording would be both a permanent souvenir of, and gracious tribute to, a formidable trouper. (Columbia 33S. 1083.)

—Robert Tredinnick

## At the Pictures

HISTORY WITH  
TEARS

THE BATTLE AND THE SPOILS. Above: Mongol warriors join combat in *The Conqueror*, fast-paced film relating Genghis Khan's eruption from the heart of Asia. Below: John Wayne as the great Khan and Susan Hayward as the Tartar princess whom he kidnaps and marries. Much of the film, which cost £2,000,000, was shot on location in South Utah



MANY years ago, when I was living in Copenhagen, I took a Danish editor of my acquaintance to see Pavlova and her company, who were appearing there for the last time. He had never been to the ballet before, and he sat through the performance in what I took to be enraptured silence. At the end of it he turned to me with a look of mild-eyed mystification and said: "Why do they do it?"

After sitting through M.-G.-M.'s costly if costive historical drama, *Diane*, I asked myself the same question. There may be, all unknown to me, a vast and enthusiastic public for such films—but this I find very hard to believe. The specimen under review says nothing at all to me, can only irritate the earnest student of sixteenth-century French political history, and has little to offer the ordinary "star"-gazer but Miss Lana Turner in a sumptuous décor and a role for which she is strikingly miscast.

Miss Turner appears as the Comtesse de Brézé, née Diane de Poitiers—a talented and versatile lady who, at the request of King Francis I. (Señor Pedro Armendaris), teaches the reluctant Prince Henri (Mr. Roger More) manners, fencing, dancing and Italian poetry, to fit him for a politically significant marriage to Catherine de Medici (Signorina Marisa Pavan).

WHILE Diane charms the court and the prince, her husband (Mr. Torin Thatcher) sulks at his country seat, suspecting the worst. He is discreet enough to die before it actually happens—before, that is, Henri succeeds to the throne and Diane becomes his mistress and the most powerful woman in France.

Miss Turner remains throughout a strictly modern Hollywood product: she wears her rich costumes as if she were just off to a fancy-dress ball, and shows in her pretty, marshmallow face nothing of the intelligence and guile Diane must have used to enthrall a king some twenty years her junior, to survive the intrigues against her and to defy so formidable a character as the queen.

This Diane would have been no match for Catherine, and Miss Turner is no match for Signorina Pavan—a brilliant young Italian actress who acts her clean out of the picture. Signorina Pavan has style and authority: she looks like a beautiful little viper—every supple inch of her a true de Medici. When she is on the screen, occasional lightnings flash—but the film, as a whole, is dull as can be; a fascinating piece of history has been made into a bore. Why do they do it?

It is to be regretted that the two principal players in *Helen of Troy*—Signorina Rossana Podesta as Helen and M. Jacques Sernas as Paris—have no more personality than a pair of sugar mice, but at least the





Jacques Sernas as Paris, and Rossana Podesta as Helen, in the spectacular *Helen of Troy*

spectacle with which they are surrounded is magnificent and thrilling.

The film will undoubtedly be billed as "The Greatest Love-story of all Time"—but it's Mars, not Venus, who is best served by the director, Mr. Robert Wise. With CinemaScope and 5700 intrepid extras at his disposal, Mr. Wise has staged battle sequences such as the old maestri, D. W. Griffith and de Mille, might envy and would certainly applaud.

I HAVE never seen anything more impressive in its kind than the Greeks' advance upon Troy—with hordes of infantrymen, horse-drawn chariots, bullock-drawn storming-towers and slaves bearing great scaling ladders, streaming across the ringing plains towards the high walls on which the Trojans wait. Once the battle is joined, the carnage is terrific—bodies by the hundred hurtle down from the battlements, horses and oxen stampede, the storming-towers burst into flame, and the Greeks beat a retreat across a landscape soured in gore.

They are, of course, only temporarily vanquished. They win the war by a mean trick. You remember the Trojan horse? Well, here it comes—a huge, baleful, wooden beast—and soon Troy is taken, sacked and pillaged, Paris is dead, Helen has been retrieved by her Spartan husband (Mr. Niall MacGinnis), and that's the end of a film which can fairly be called stupendous.

THOUGH the two leading characters lack substance, there are others brought credibly to life by more accomplished players: Mr. Stanley Baker is a fine, angry Achilles, Mr. Harry Andrews a valiant Hector, Sir Cedric Hardwicke a noble Priam, and Miss Nora Swinburne a lovely, grieving Hecuba. And the sets, my dear, are simply splendid.

Mr. Tom Ewell, whom you may remember from *The Seven Year Itch*, is again a deprived husband in *The Lieutenant Wore Skirts*. This time he is concerned with wangling a discharge from the Air Force for his wife, Miss Sheree North, who has signed on as a lieutenant and been posted to Hawaii. The wittiest thing in this slightly embarrassing comedy is a thumbnail burlesque by Miss Rita Moreno of Miss Marilyn Monroe, as she appeared in Mr. Ewell's earlier, and far funnier, film.

*Lost* is a serviceable little British picture about a baby who is snatched from his pram in Kensington Gardens. Mr. David Farrar, a C.I.D. inspector, doggedly tracks down the snatcher and deals patiently with baby's American parents, Mr. David Knight and Miss Julia Arnall—who clearly *don't* think our police are wonderful. The climax is startling, but what I enjoyed most was a small natter of Nannies in the park.

—Elsbeth Grant



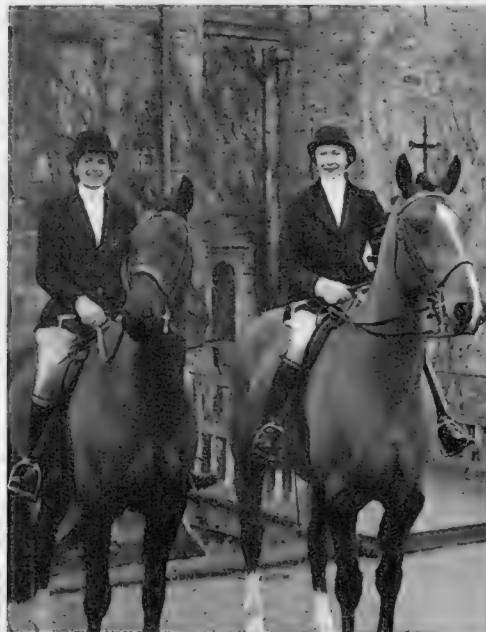
BEAUTIFUL DANY ROBIN, here shown at home and acting on the set, is the star of *Frou-Frou*, a major Franco-Italian production. Filmed in Eastman colour, it tells the whole life story of a Parisienne, starting in the elegant world of 1912, and is to be viewed by the selection committee responsible for choosing the picture for the next Royal Film Performance





Miss Virginia Gaselee, who is the daughter of the Master of the West Kent.  
She is a keen rider to hounds with this exceptionally well-found pack

Miss R. Charrington and Miss R. Mabey waiting for the move off



Miss Janet Gales and Miss Pam Sheldrake were among the large field



## A NEW PEER ENTER THE WEST KENT

LORD ASTOR OF HEVER is the title by Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor, who was recently to the West Kent hounds fourteenth-century house, beautiful Castle, in Kent. Lord Astor, Chairman of The Times, and President of the Press was created a baron in the New Year Honours.



Lord and Lady Astor of Hever. The new baron is a brother of Viscountess

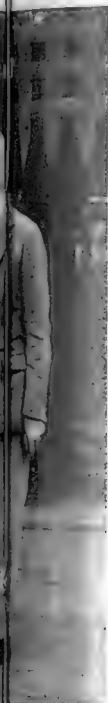
Mr. R. P. Clifton and Miss N. Clifton leaving the castle after a stirr





# STAINS HUNT

chosen  
host  
his  
ever  
of  
Club,  
ours



O'Neill  
The  
Astor

in were  
cup



*Hounds on the lawn at Hever. With them are the Master, Col. A. S. Gaselee; and Harry Lenthall, the kennel-huntsman. The pack has had a good season so far Mrs. R. Garratt, Miss K. Haviland, Mr. C. M. Oliver and Mrs. J. G. Stimson, who had all just arrived at the meet, looked forward to a good day's sport*



Standing By

## WITH OSTRICH FEATHERS

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

COOKING up Mistinguett's biography is going to be no easy task, our chief Académie Française spy reports. Owing to the difficulty of winnowing truth from the mass of legend surrounding that long-reigning Parisian idol, several of the big boys in green uniform are expected to fall on their swords.

One good story is authentic, at least. When an elderly rival rushed up to her at a theatrical party, crying "*Mother!*", Mistinguett certainly did draw back with the frigid words, "There must be some mistake, Mademoiselle—I'm a married woman." But a lot of the stuff in (e.g.) Morley's *History of Liberalism* is obviously suspect. To take one instance, Mistinguett can hardly have been an Old Etonian in the 1870s, long before the introduction of co-education at that school, and the Fourth of June story about her scattering largesse of 3s. 8½d. among a frantic mob with the cry "*Vive le Pop! Vice l'Amour!*" must therefore be a fable. In any case she was never a wet-bob. No girl with legs later insured for £10,000 would take up rowing unless she were quite barmy. As for her alleged début as Assistant-Secretary to the Bodleian, one or two Liberal historians confuse her with the adorable Spinelly (and what legs those were, Professor, also).

As you forthright men of affairs may not be aware, a lot of odd stories are launched, towards 6.30 p.m., from café-terraces on the Boulevards, with the assistance of the old firm of Pernod Fils, by idle, raffish, bored, and cynical journalists. You know. Ghastly types, absolute outsiders, dirty, insolent, *untruthful*. Right? Right.

## Cooler

So many of the world's cleverest inky boys have done some of their best work in the calaboose—Villon, Cervantes, Ben Jonson, Tasso, Verlaine, Raleigh, André Chénier, Lovelace, and a dozen more—that it seems a pity about those two Dartmoor

warders recently awarded a couple of years apiece for helping a literary type in their charge to sell his work, and "conspiring to effect his escape."

The official attitude seems to vary. A Scottish poet of considerable quality whom we knew very well wrote a fine sonnet-sequence while serving six months (Sec. Div.) for libelling a big Cabinet boy, some years ago, in a weekly paper. The Home Office refused to let him take his sonnets out on release. Fortunately he had foreseen this and learned all seventeen—later published—by heart.

*I could not break my tryst  
With Scotland's honour in an English gaol . . .*

Evidently Bureaucracy loved the poet's cadences dearly and could not bear to part with them. Maybe the Home Office boys' children repeat them to their own little ones at evening still. A fine compliment.

## Afterthought

MEANWHILE, we gather, the P.E.N. Club boys and girls are furious over the Dartmoor case. "Members doing a stretch," said a spokesman, "are hampered rather than encouraged in littery work during stonebreaking-hours. But a *publisher* in the sneezer—oh, my good gracious! Nothing too good for them boys! Treated like blinking emperors, no less!" On this a Publishers' Association spokesman commented coldly: "We have no complaints. These petulant rats—will they never learn?"

A faint smile curved his lip as he removed a choice Havana and glanced at a platinum wristwatch set with rubies and diamonds. "Time," he added quietly, "is money."

And there the motter rests, as the Herald's College nark observed when the new baron's first cheque-in-advance was returned "R.D."

## Gadders

As if the populace weren't sufficiently restless and hysterical already, we found Auntie *Times* inciting it the other day to rush round the country looking



for old packhorse-bridges ("Given some clue and a one-inch map . . ."). The celebrated Pascal (1623-62) would have had something to say to Auntie about this, unless we pitifully err.

Pascal held that the world's troubles are chiefly due to chaps being unable to sit quietly in a room, and the boy had something there, we dare aver. His first sharp question to one of Auntie's old packhorse-bridge hunters would undoubtedly be: "How long ago did your wife leave you, Mr. Gadabout?" He would then get down to brass-tacks:

PASCAL: Have you any gypsy blood? (*Gad. blushes and shakes his head.*) Come clean, Gadabout. Is this old packhorse-bridge idea your own, or did somebody put you up to it?

GAD. (*mumbling*): No home-life. . . . Ruby gone. . . . Starved affection. . . . Jumpy by nature. . . . Old bridges. . . . New thrill. . . . Something in paper. (*Sob.*)

PASCAL: Right, we're getting somewhere. You're a maladjusted introvert, you crave affection and excitement, and you've been lured into rushing round looking for old packhorse-bridges by a paper. Which paper?

GAD. (*faintly*): Wrapped round meat. . . . Halfpound steak. . . . Bloodstains. . . . Not my fault.

PASCAL: The hell with that, Gadabout. Let us have no excuses or tergiversations. Which paper was it?

One needn't go further. Hard words would be used by Pascal about Auntie ("*cette vieille rombière cynique et glacée*," he'd write in his diary), and maybe the old bombazine-bosomed trot would have asked for it, at that. No offence.

BRIGGS . . . by Graham







Priscilla in Paris

## OLYMPIAN FROLICS

WHAT would the boys and girls who haven't much money (except for their cigarettes, petrol for their scooters and a few daily snifters) do if they hadn't the Olympia music hall to amuse them? It is inexpensive, they can smoke and drink there and do exactly as they like. Of course, they are untidy little rowdies, bless 'em, but they mean no real harm. High spirits have to be worked off somehow! They are just the "shabby jeans, jumper and grubby raincoat brigade" from Saint-Germain des Prés. Boys with hair that is too long; girls with hair too short unless it is so long that they can almost play Rapunzel with it.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair  
That I may climb without a stair.

Not that they have much use for stairs, cellars being their usual habitat. All a bit smelly.

Once a fortnight, on Thursday evening, they forgather in the promenade of what they consider "their" music hall for the first evening performance of the new programme. The audience in the stalls and dress circle, the Press, the management and even the police practically consider them as part of the programme. They certainly are a good advertisement. The welcome they give their favourite stars and the newcomers who happen to please them may aptly be called "roaring." On the other hand, they have been known to wreck the place when something does not suit their fancy or if they are given too little of their fancy.

THE other evening when Lionel Hampton's jazz number, that fills the second half of the entertainment, got under way, these youngsters, as usual, started fighting their way from the promenade and invaded the stalls, but this time they did not have it entirely their own way. The rougher element found quite a strong police force awaiting it, and the way a few young toughs flew through the air, before reaching the street with rather a crash, reminded me of the famous young man on the flying trapeze, but more by the ease of their volition than by the expression on their faces. Nevertheless, despite these drastic repressive measures, the evening ended with the young people, as well as quite a few not-so-young, dancing in the gangways, in the open spaces leading to the doors, and on the stage itself. Finally, Lionel Hampton's musicians, accepting it all in good fun, took refuge in the orchestra pit that had been vacated by its normal instrumentalists who were in a hurry to catch their last bus or Metro. It was a gay, crazy affair. The scene-shifters and other stage hands must have had something of a job to get the curtain down and clear the premises . . . I left before the Black Maria arrived.

IT is at Olympia that, in April, Josephine Baker will make her adieux to the stage. This to our very real sorrow, for, in the normal way of things, we could look forward to many years of delightful entertainment from her. But she wishes to retire, with her husband Jo Bouillon, to their lovely *château des Mirandes*, in Dordogne, which is already a show-place with its model farms and village and happy villagers.

It is there that they are bringing up their six adopted children, all of different nationalities.

### L'addition, s.v.p.

● Monsieur René Coty is said to have remarked to a certain political personage: "I may not follow your arguments, but . . . I DO KNOW HOW TO COUNT."



AT WENGEN. Above: Miss Caroline Sims, of Astell House, London, S.W.3, on the Mannlichen plateau. She is a selected Junior Member of the Ski Club at Wengen. Below: Fifteen-year-old Nicolette Harrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Harrison, of Chelsea





**WILD WEST LEGEND.** Walter Havinghurst writes about the famous American show in *Annie Oakley of the Wild West* (Robert Hale; 15s.). "Little Sureshot," as she came to be known, was one of the most phenomenal markswomen of all time. Left: Annie as she first appeared in the show. Right: Sitting Bull and his friend Buffalo Bill



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

## THE HOUSE OF HORNBEAM

DOES it, perhaps, take a sense of history to write to-day's truly contemporary novel? Helen Ashton's high reputation is not, of course, wholly due to her stories about the past, or to her individual flair for "period." Yet we may remark how in *THE HALF-CROWN HOUSE* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) she has done for the mid-twentieth century very much what she did for the early-nineteenth in *Parson Austen's Daughter*, *Letty Landon*, *Footman in Powder*, and several others. That is, she has captured the spirit, outlook, mannerisms and problems of a particular time—in this case, to-day.

True, the problem confronting the Hornbeam family may not be common to every one of us. None the less, we see its reflection round us, feel its importance, and should be, even at one remove, the losers if it found no solution.

How, if at all, are England's traditional country houses to be maintained, against the forces of change? Fountain Court, in a smiling part of the Midlands, has a future tottering in the balance. It is not among the first rank of the Stately Homes, but—lovely and crazy *mélange* of architecture, overflowing with lordly associations and more than once into the Royal picture—it is all the queerer and dearer, perhaps, for that. So, immediate demands are met the immediate way: Fountain Court (as the novel's title suggests) is open to view, twice a week, during the summer months of the year.

Henrietta's idea this was: she must see it through. Her twin brother Harry, who should have ruled here, was killed at Arnhem on his twenty-first birthday: his posthumous son, the present Lord Hornbeam, small peaky Victor, is nine years old. Victor's mother, Maureen, née

Smith, once the ornament of a Manchester ice-cream parlour, has lately remarried: with Mr. Pine, a prosperous Stafford builder, she feels less uneasy than with the Hornbeams. The Pines, on the morning of our story, formally hand back Victor to his inheritance.

The entire action of *The Half-Crown House* takes place within one early October Saturday—the last of the showing season and, as it is to happen, the last of all.



**A DISASTROUS VISIT.** Robert Graves's translation of George Sand's *Winter in Majorca* (Cassell; 15s.) throws new light on a notorious Bohemian episode. Above: "Dancing to Castanets," a sketch by Maurice Sand

Upstairs lies old Lady Hornbeam, Victor's great-grandmother, a splendid Edwardian ruin, just not senile enough—she is devastatingly critical of what goes on. Twenty-nine-year-old, handsome, spirited Henrietta is unmarried, obsessed by but one idea: propping up Fountain Court. Round her are rallied the ancient, bewildered servants. And Cousin Charles, a maimed naval war hero, lives over the stables: at once critic and friend. Charles runs the old kitchen garden for market profit.

THE drama is, this Saturday's showing of the house—routine by now, yet forever again involving pride and chagrin, devotion and self-control. This drama, Miss Ashton depicts from the point of view of literally everybody involved, and I wish I could convey how well she has done it! Leaf, the ancient butler, shakily laying the table in the Red Dining-room with "his" silver and the incomparable turquoise dinner service, for the benefit of marvelling, sometimes hostile strangers, draws one's tears. Moreover, every perspective and corner of Fountain Court has been brought to life, given being down to the last detail, by Miss Ashton's delectable pen. The half-crown-a-time visitors, let us be frank, are pretty awful—ruthlessly, we are given what amounts to a tape-recording of their comments. There are considerable grumbings as to whether the show is value for the money. This, I suppose we must take it, is the spirit of the age.

Americans, some favourably seen, some not, also play a part. . . . I would not for words reveal why this day is the finale of Fountain Court. In their dire way the closing chapters are splendid—and humanly speaking, let me assure you, the ending is anything but unhappy. *The Half-Crown House*, unless I am very wrong, should be one of the outstanding novels of early spring.



## SOUTHERN

THESE wish-fulfilment photographs from the South of France show some of the dresses and play clothes that lucky people going to Barbados or the Bahamas are packing now, and that the rest of us hope to be wearing in about three months time. The general tendency this year is towards prints with dark backgrounds, stripes, spots and Paisley designs rather than floral patterns, and for most beachwear to offer elaborate sums in addition and subtraction in brilliant colours



## LATITUDE

ON the left is a strapless Sambo dress and jacket of Sudan cotton, dark blue splashed with gay tropical fruits. Note the pretty decolletage and full skirt. Below, left, afternoon dress by Linzi, of navy blue and white-star spotted voile, the long bodice emphasized by white stripes. Both of these will be at Harvey Nichols's Little Shop in April. Right, Horrockses shirt blouse of white poplin and enormously full skirt of black and white with coloured patch pockets. Sold by Woollands, Knightsbridge







*Continuing from p. 233*

## SOUTHERN LATITUDE

Left, this Cole of California swimsuit, imported by Rima, is made of dark blue and white elasticized cotton. A skirt of the same cotton, not elasticized, when worn over it, turns the whole thing into a very pretty sundress. Lillywhites will have this two-piece sometime in March

Right, two-piece play suit by Spectator Sports. The long jumper with its wide, upstanding neckline and three-quarter length sleeves is worn over very brief shorts which carry on the straight line of the navy blue and white striped material. It comes from Selfridges

Left, Dorville's two piece of patterned cotton—biscuit and rose on a deep blue ground—consists of a long shirt blouse, high necked, three-quarter sleeved, that quite covers the play suit beneath. It is stocked by Woollands of Knightsbridge





## A WHITE WEDDING IN WINTERTIME



THIS lovely wedding dress of pale magnolia pink lace comes from Mercia, 10, Cavendish Place, W.1. The price of the dress is approximately 49 gns. Above: A close up of the charming headdress of pearl trimmed nylon net flowers with a circular veil. Together they cost 7½ gns. and also come from Mercia





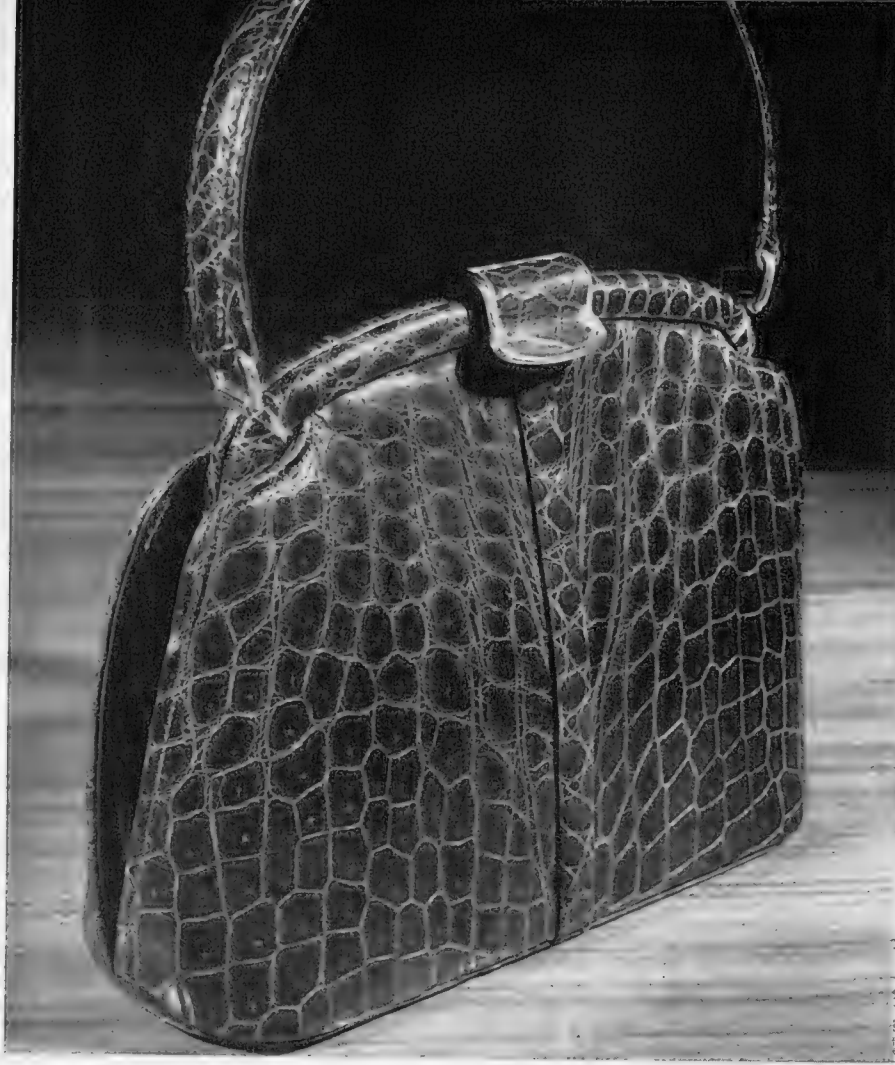
*Front view of the dress showing the pretty square neck and the long backward sweeping princess line*



*The dress has a beautiful back. Notice how the long line of the short train is followed by a satin piped band finishing in a large bow*

Armstrong Jones

THE TATLER CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



An elegant crocodile bag which is wonderful value at the price of £15. 15. 0. From Debenham and Freebody

Short gloves in white French kid-skin embroidered with flowers, from the Dior Collection. Price £4. 10. 0, they come from Marshall & Snelgrove



"Stuart" striped gloves, from Dickins and Jones. Many tones, and guaranteed washable. £2. 2. 6

## Hallmarks of a smart woman

*B*AGS and gloves are accessories which have ever given the finishing note of elegance to a smart ensemble. Here is a choice of some extremely attractive ones

JEAN CLELAND



Two-tone gloves. Colours range from black to palest tones. Price £4. 3. 6 approx. From Marshall and Snelgrove of Birmingham





Smart three-quarter length French suede gloves with silver-toned beading design. Price £3 18. 6. The heavy gilt-linked bracelet is £3.9. 6. Both come from Fenwicks



Dennis Smith

Black suede leather handbag with mother of pearl top in leaf design. Price £9.19. 6., Fenwicks

Below: a smart sling bag in pigskin and mohair. £15.15. from Debenham and Freebody



Pittards "Swando suede" and "Swan-lisse" glacé leather include many colours. Price 18.11. from Fenwicks of Bond Street



## Beauty

Jean Cleland

## Wear your age proudly

WHEN I was on television recently, I was asked to give a little advice to the under twenties, the over thirties, and the over forties—or, to use a more up-to-date term, the over “twice twenties.”

Since then, I have had a number of letters from people who, interested in the talk, want to know if I could elaborate it still further. For the benefit of those who were “not with me” at the time, I will “re-cap” my original advice, and enlarge upon it.

Starting with the teenagers, I’d like (at the risk of sounding sentimental), to echo the words of a song that was immensely popular some years ago, and say “Stay Sweet As You Are.”

The saddest thing about youth is that the young are so impatient to be rid of it; to be done with simplicity, and rush headlong into sophistication. We were all the same. It’s only when we get older and look back that we fully appreciate youth’s enchantment, and sigh because it was so brief, and vanished all too soon.

As regards beauty care for the teenagers, it should be very simple. Thorough cleansing of the skin night and morning. No hopping into bed without removing the dust and dirt of the day, which leads to all sorts of trouble. A little nourishment with a good cream, if the skin is dry. Strict attention to everything that makes for personal freshness. A little make-up if you like, but do let it be a little, and don’t for goodness’ sake plaster it on. This doesn’t even look sophisticated, it just looks *horrible*.

If you have any little blemishes, such as a small crop of spots or pimples, which is often the case with young people, you will of course, want to cover them up for special occasions. For this there is an excellent little stick made by Max Factor, called “Erase,” which, stroked gently over the skin, is wonderful for hiding any bad patches. Do remember however, that it only *conceals*, it does *not* cure. So, in between whiles, set about tackling the problem in a sensible way.

If the spots are only intermittent, you can probably get rid of them with applications of a good anti-spot preparation (there are several excellent ones on the market) and attention to diet. Be sparing with sweets for a time; cut out fried foods and starches; eat plenty of green vegetables, and salads, and have fresh fruit instead of puddings. If the spots are persistent, don’t despair. Go to your doctor and get him to advise you as to the best sort of treatment to have. There are all kinds

of scientific methods nowadays for dealing with this kind of trouble. All you need is patience and a little persistence. Given this, there is no reason why all should not be well.

DON’T forget posture. Slouching when you walk, and slumping when you sit, develops an ugly figure. Then when the time comes for wearing elegant clothes that call for a good line, they won’t look anything at all. Posture is a *habit*, and I would say to the young, see that you make it a *good* one.

Now for the thirties. This I think, is a time for remembering that “Prevention is better than cure.” A little reasonable care now is time well spent. Look after the skin. Make a simple daily routine and stick to it. Cleanse, tone and nourish. Goodness knows it’s easy enough. It takes only a few minutes, but those minutes are wonderfully rewarding. And *don’t please say you are too busy*. Nearly all the busy women I have met, (and I’ve met plenty) with careers, and families, and often very little help in the home, *make* time. It’s more often those who are less busy, who *waste* it.

Care of the hair is something which pays good dividends. Brisk brushing night and morning not only gives it a nice sheen, but helps to keep it in good condition. Greyness comes to some people earlier than others, but you can do a good deal towards keeping the original colour, by a few minutes vigorous massage, taking care to move the scalp as you work up from the base of the head to the crown. This stimulates the circulation, and keeps the blood flowing through the colour cells.

YET another good tip worth remembering, is to massage the scalp with a little warm oil the night before shampooing, to prevent the hair getting dry. Don’t put on too much, or it will be difficult to wash out, and see that it is really warm, as in this way it is less sticky, and is more easily absorbed.

Keep an eye on the figure. If it’s getting a little too plump, watch the diet and cut down on sweet things and starches. It is easier to take off a few pounds now than go through the misery of trying to get off a stone or two later on. This sort of “stitch in time” goes for everything, the hands, the hair, the feet. Like a car, it’s less trouble, and far less expensive, to keep everything in good running order, than to let it all go hang, and then have to end up with extensive repairs. Just be sensible. For as you sow, so shall you reap.



When it comes to the forties and onwards, I often think of an old Scottish saying that “the life of a hat is in the cocking of it,” which really means that what counts is not so much the hat as how you wear it. The same thing applies to age. Some women meet the years with a sigh, others wear them with grace, and carry them as lightly as a spray of flowers in a button-hole. It’s just an attitude of mind. I once asked a world-famous beauty specialist what she thought was the most important thing for keeping a youthful appearance, and she replied “An optimistic attitude to the future.” I agreed. That is a vital thing.

Good grooming is another trump card. Care with regard to all those little details that make a woman look what we call well turned out.

Particular care should be given to choosing the right creams. There are excellent ones which are specially suited to the older skin, since they contain ingredients that supply moisture, which is apt to dry up as the years advance.

ALL women over forty should, I think, learn to relax. Tense nerves produce a look of strain which is infinitely ageing. It gives a grim look, and creates nose to mouth lines. One of the nicest things I ever heard about an older woman was “Oh, of course she has a certain amount of wrinkles, no expressive face can be without them, but in her case it does not matter, because all her lines run up.” My mother, who is 88, and still looks wonderful, has this piece of advice to give to older women, “Whatever happens, keep the corners of your mouth UP.” I would add to this, keep a lively interest in *all* things, and a sense of humour at *all* times. Don’t look back, and don’t repine. We can none of us help getting older, but we can have the courage to make the best of an inevitable process.

To sum up, I think the secret for all groups, (the under twenties, over twenties and over twice twenties) is “*Be your age*”—whether it’s spring, summer, autumn or winter. All the seasons are lovely in *their own way*, but no good comes of trying to mix them up.

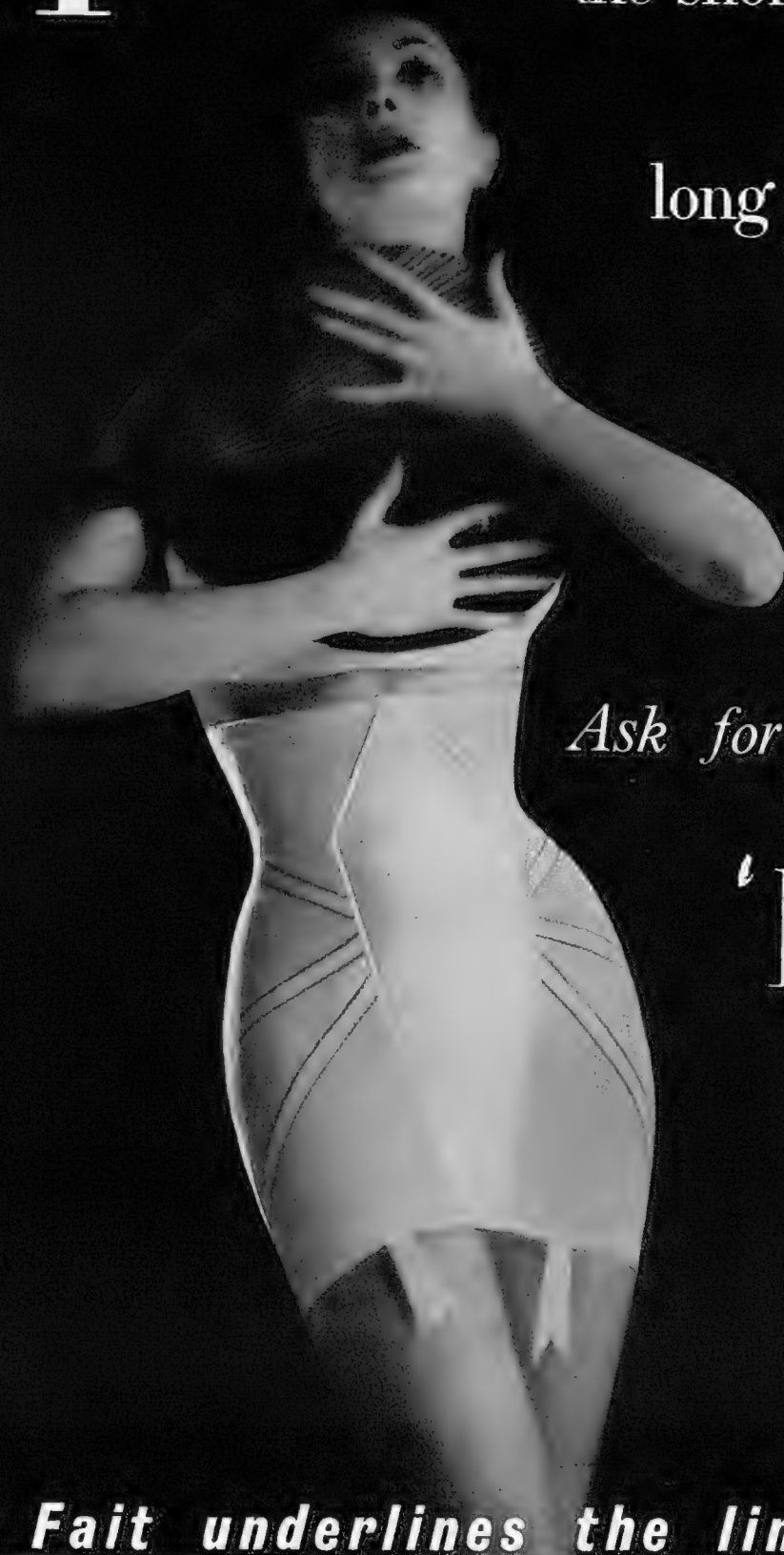
These lovely Elizabeth Arden “Fashion Cases” for the handbag contain a lipstick, an “Invisible Veil” compact and a Perfumair, Price £3.11.6. Spray of flowers £2.5.0., also from Elizabeth Arden





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MONTE CARLO RALLY WINNERS: The crew of the winning Jaguar with the Prince Rainier Trophy. They are Mr. D. Johnston, Mr. R. Adams and Mr. F. Biggar. Right: The Sunbeam Talbot team which won the Charles Faroux Cup: Mr. P. Harper with Mr. P. Elbra and Mr. P. Humphrey, Mr. J. Ray with M. J. Cutts and Mr. J. Waddington, and Miss S. Van Damm, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Hall

## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# THE TURBINE'S LAST HURDLE

GOING round in circles is, or ought to be, the prime objective of all progressive motor car manufacturers. Rotary motion has so many advantages over reciprocating that any step in the direction of the turbine engined car deserves notice. If I read the statement issued by Austin towards the end of January correctly, there remains one and only one obstacle to placing a turbine car on the market, the devising of a cheap and light heat-exchanger. All the other difficulties have been overcome.

Although the design of heat-exchangers is much more difficult than appears at first sight, it is unlikely that the qualities of lightness and cheapness are far away and the signs are that the marketable turbine car may be ready about the time of Earls Court. There is one point, however, on which, it seems, the Austin engineers are not fully informed. They have decided to use diesel fuel in the Austin turbine car because of its greater availability at filling stations than kerosene, and in that decision they are right. But using diesel fuel for ordinary motoring is not so simple as they seem to think. In this I have probably had more experience than they.

THE problems are wholly caused by the Treasury and its minions the Customs and Excise. There are (need it be said?) regulations, reams, and reams and reams of regulations with which the user of diesel fuel for private motoring must comply. There are inspectors; hordes and hordes and hordes of inspectors, all spending your money motoring about the country seeing that the reams of regulations are obeyed.

If you run a car using diesel fuel—and that would apply to one of the new turbine cars—you must keep a journey log book in specified form. You must be ready at any time to produce receipts upon approved forms showing what fuel you have bought and what you have paid for it. You must at intervals make returns of your mileage and fuel consumption. It will be noticed that the Government department concerned places obstacles in the

way of the development of the very kind of car which might put the British industry ahead of all others, namely the turbine car. Yet in spite of official discouragement, I hope and believe that British manufacturers will be first in the field with this kind of vehicle.

IT was difficult to understand some of the later criticisms of the Monte Carlo Rally. Although the Jaguar victory and the Sunbeam team success were acclaimed, the critics, almost in the same breath, condemned British motorcars for not having achieved a higher percentage success. They said that British car accessories were inefficient and untrustworthy and that several major components had been found wanting.

It is a little ungenerous to abuse British motorcars at a time when they have achieved so signal a success. The Jaguar win becomes the more noteworthy, the more the details are studied. And those who recall the big events of 1955 experienced a feeling of satisfaction that, in some respects, it was again a Mercedes-Jaguar competition for the Rainier Cup.

It is true that numerically the British effort was a large one, but when that effort brings the first place in the general category and the team prize which earns the Faroux Trophy in perpetuity, there would seem to be few grounds for complaint.

It should be added that third place in the general category was taken by one of the Sunbeams (Peter Harper's), which was responsible for obtaining the manufacturers' team prize.

ONE of the first acts proposed by the new Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, Mr. Harold Watkinson, can be welcomed by motorists. It is that which will substitute a three-year, for the present one-year, driving licence. This is a simple and

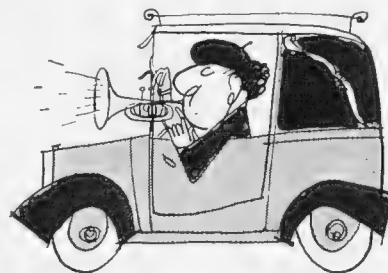
sensible way of reducing trouble and expense both for motorists and for officials.

Of Mr. Watkinson's other proposal, to take powers for the compulsory testing of motorcars, I am not able to speak so enthusiastically. We all know that the brakes of motorcars vary in their effectiveness, not only from car to car, but also—and note this well—from day to day and from hour to hour. I do not believe that the mechanical condition of brakes is responsible for any appreciable number of accidents.

Parliamentary enthusiasm for brake testing is based upon the childish idea that

accidents are prevented by the "emergency" application of the brakes. The driver is supposed (in these infantile fantasies) to save life and limb by lightning reaction and stamping on the brakes. I would like to recall these innocent ones to the facts of motoring safety by repeating my favourite epigram: The only way to deal with

a driving emergency is never to have one.



SOME remarks made in these columns near the beginning of the year about diaries have brought me a few interesting letters. My general contention that diaries could be better suited to their recipients is not generally challenged, but I have been sent samples of diaries rather more precisely steered towards a definite subject than most of the forty or fifty which I received at Christmas. I must mention one in particular which was sent me by Mr. Nevil Lloyd of Motor Racing Publications. This is the Motor Racing Diary and although it does not give the dates of Grand Prix and other events in the body of the diary, it does contain a most valuable reference section.

This includes last year's results and line drawings of the chief racing circuits, with speed tables for them. Altogether, I feel that this diary does do somewhat the kind of thing I wanted; and although it is late in the day to mention it, justice demands that I should do so.





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## DINING IN

### Short "refresher" course

I CAN think of no more welcome visitor to my home than a gifted cook who enjoys cooking for me, who is always sweet-tempered and who likes—indeed, wants—to share her knowledge with me. Such a visitor is Thérèse, of whom I wrote last week. To watch her preparing food is like taking a refresher course in one's job. The precision, the loving care, she puts into even the smallest cookery task would be a lesson for any young cook.

One day, I turned over my store cupboard to her, as she decided unexpectedly to make some *hors d'oeuvres*. She selected a tin of French champignons, another of shrimps, one of creamed corn and one of small sausages with beans in tomato sauce, then went to the refrigerator and my fresh stores for other things.

For one dish, she drained and washed the mushrooms, drained the shrimps and sprinkled them with lemon juice, dressed both with oil, wine vinegar and a little tomato ketchup, then turned them into a long *hors d'oeuvres* dish and sprinkled them with chopped parsley.

For the second, she cut the sausages into thin slices, placed them and the beans and sauce in another dish and sprinkled them with chopped mint. She then sliced several tomatoes almost through, opened them fan-wise, seasoned them well, coated them with oil and vinegar, then filled them with chopped cooked ham and dry cooked rice, moistened with mayonnaise. She placed a thin layer of very thinly sliced tiny onions in the dish and arranged the filled tomatoes on them. She chopped the whites of two hard-boiled eggs and placed them around the tomatoes, on top of which she put single rings of onion, finishing with the sieved yolks in the familiar mimosa effect.

HERE is a more elaborate, but quite easy to make, set piece: Tie a cauliflower in muslin (to keep its shape) and boil it in slightly salted water. Drain well and leave to become cold. Place in the centre of a large round dish. Allow a large tomato for each person. Cut in half and remove the pulp. Sprinkle the "shells" with salt and drain. Fill one half of each tomato with creamed corn and pile into the other chopped hard-boiled egg, mixed with minced ham and the deseeded tomato pulp. Place on lettuce leaves around the cauliflower.

Now get some thin slices of ham, cut from an unboned boiled ham because they will roll, whereas those from a boned ham hardly ever will. Shape them into cornets and fill them with macedoine of vegetables, masked in mayonnaise. Arrange each on a lettuce leaf around the cauliflower and serve with further mayonnaise, thinned down with lemon juice or wine vinegar.

Another addition for *hors d'oeuvres* was blanched chicory (Belgian endive), freed of its outer leaves. Thérèse split the chicory, full length, in half, then in quarters, and then cut them through in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices. These were dressed in oil, vinegar, pepper and salt and, again, tomato ketchup. (I must say that I was surprised to find that she liked tomato ketchup in these dressings). I myself simply slice chicory across in rounds.

ANOTHER was celeriac (root celery). This was peeled, cut in quarters, then shredded in my little hand shredder. The dressing was oil and wine vinegar (three parts oil to one of vinegar), pepper and salt. Here, too, she sometimes adds the ketchup she likes so much.

And now for a very pleasant Red Cabbage and Sausage dish: For four persons, cut a firm red cabbage, weighing about 2 lb., into thin slices. Soak them in cold water for a little while. Meanwhile, chop 2 good-sized onions and gently cook them in an ounce of butter or vegetable fat shortening until they are translucent. Season with pepper and salt. Add 1 lb. sliced peeled apples and cook them for a few minutes. Add the well drained cabbage and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water. Cook gently for about an hour. Now add 2 tablespoons of wine vinegar and 2 of sugar and cook for a further 15 minutes, by which time most of the liquid will have disappeared. Fry 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chipolata sausages and serve them on the cabbage mixture. Some people like to add a little of the fat from the sausages to the cabbage. It is good, but a little rich.

—Helen Burke



Harcourt

JACK OF SCOTT'S in the Haymarket has managed the restaurant for 25 years. He began in the restaurant business in Copenhagen after which he went to Paris and Hamburg. He is Danish and settled in England in 1912



Ivon de Wynter

## DINING OUT

### A night at "Five Glass Folly"

THERE was undoubtedly madness afoot at the Gore Hotel, Queen's Gate. I was invited to dinner there by The Earnest Drinkers Club, to what the invitation described as a "Tasting Dinner". I, personally, shall remember it as "Peter Herbert's Folly" because after all he directs the hotel's activities and he and his co-director, Robin Howard, started the Club.

The dinner was a four course affair and to my amazement they served five different wines with each course, and all at the same time. A list of the wines was given, each with a letter against it, and the plot was to choose which wine you considered went best with each course and select a runner-up, so when the results were compiled there would be an ultimate winning order.

The trouble was that by the time I had reached my 16th or 17th wine I doubt if I could have told the difference between cherryade and champagne. I admit that the correct thing would probably have been to take just a sip of each wine, but who wants to go through a dinner just taking the odd mouthful. For example, when we reached the *Oeufs à la Neige* we had a glass each of the following wines: Cru Royal Haut Barsac 1949; Monbazillac; Longuicher Maximiner Herrenberg Auslese 1953; Foster Jesuitengarten Auslese 1953; and Bodenheimer Hock Spätlese 1952; and don't forget we had already consumed 15 different wines before we reached this batch.

However, it was a gay and amusing evening and caused a great deal of hilarity which, from the rather prankish glint in the eye of Director Herbert when I arrived, was I think exactly his intention. The ultimate winner turned out to be none other than Madame Prunier, which was a very noble effort.

ALL this tasting reminds me of two gentlemen who would probably have thoroughly disapproved of this party at the Gore. They were two characters in one of the favourite stories of the late Ernest Cockburn, who himself never believed in being dogmatic about stating the vintage and vineyard of any wine, insisting that it was "guessing" at its best.

The story was of two friends who were great connoisseurs. On being asked their opinion of a certain young wine, still in cask, each gave at once the right name of the vineyard and the right year of the vintage of the wine, but one added that he could detect a slight "iron" taste which ought not to have been there. His friend corrected him, saying that he too could detect a slight foreign taste that ought not to have been there, but it was a taste of leather and not iron. It was the first time they had disagreed and each stuck to his verdict—and they were friends no longer.

Soon after, however, the wine had to be racked—drawn off its lees from its first cask into a clean cask—and when that was done they found in the lees a small iron key with a leather label attached to it. The two connoisseurs embraced each other and were good friends ever after!

FOR earnest drinkers or, in fact, anybody who wants to taste a great number of fine wines under ideal conditions in a short space of time, an excellent opportunity appears to have been provided by a series of "Visit Vineyards in France" tours arranged by John Rankin & Company of Mayfair. The advantage of the Rankin arrangement is that the maximum number of each party is eight, and having arrived in Paris by air you are met by a Volkswagen Micro-bus de Luxe which holds exactly that number of people and is used for the whole of the fifteen-day tour. With a little effort you could possibly gather together eight of your friends or acquaintances and make up your own party.

The tour includes visits to some of the leading houses in Cognac and gives you the opportunity of tasting many of the great wines of Bordeaux in the "Chais" where they are made. You also visit innumerable vineyards throughout the period of your stay. Only first-class hotels are used, where the food is of outstanding quality, which is proved without a doubt by the fact that six days are spent at the Chapon Fin Hotel in Bordeaux which has a restaurant of world renown. All you require for this journey to paradise and back is the sum of £135 which is inclusive, plus the odd monies for when you want to nip round the corner and have one on your own.

—I. Bickerstaff





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## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenarc

**Miss Gillian Margot Ronaldson**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Huthwaite Ronaldson, of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3, has announced her engagement to Mr. Anthony Highwood, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Highwood, of Sheerland Farm, Pluckley, Kent



Bassano

**Miss Jane Darlington**, younger daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Darlington, of Tanglewood, Milford-on-Sea, Hampshire, is engaged to Mr. Alastair K. L. Black, second son of Mrs. Oliver Berger, and stepson of Lt.-Col. O. C. Berger, Royal Scots Greys, of Lancaster Grove, N.W.3



Yevonde

**Miss Susan J. Bateman**, only daughter of Mr. Geoffrey H. Bateman, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Bateman, of Harley Street, London, W.1., is to marry Mr. Gordon Ramsay, son of Mr. A. P. Ramsay, of Alnmouth, Northumberland, and of Mrs. Tunski, of Lydeard St. Lawrence, Som.



**Miss Jennifer Abbott**, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Abbott, and Mrs. M. J. Abbott, of the Supreme Court, Lagos, Nigeria, is engaged to Mr. Nigel J. I. Stourton, elder son of Mr. I. H. E. J. Stourton, C.M.G., O.B.E., of Iverna Gardens, W.8, and of the late Mrs. Lilian Stourton

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Crossman—Alexander.** Captain Humphrey Crossman, R.A., son of the late Maj.-Gen. F. L. M. Crossman, and of Mrs. Crossman, of Cheswick House, Berwick-on-Tweed, married Lady Rose Alexander, daughter of Earl and Countess Alexander of Tunis, of Cranbourne Grange, Windsor Forest, Berks, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle



Fayer

**Ferguson—Wright.** Mr. Ronald Ivor Ferguson, The Life Guards, son of Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson, of Dummer House, Dummer, Basingstoke, married Miss Susan Mary Wright, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. FitzHerbert Wright, of Bridgewater House, Belton, Grantham, Lincolnshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Vandish

**Draycott—Hunnisett.** The wedding took place recently at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, W.1., of Mr. Leslie Draycott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Draycott, of Hove, and Miss Audrey Hunnisett, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunnisett, of Upper Drive, Hove, Sussex



**Hayes—Liesching.** Mr. John Philip Hayes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hayes, of Basingstoke, Hampshire, married Miss Susan Elizabeth Liesching, elder daughter of Sir Percivale and Lady Liesching, of High Commissioner House, Capetown, South Africa, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



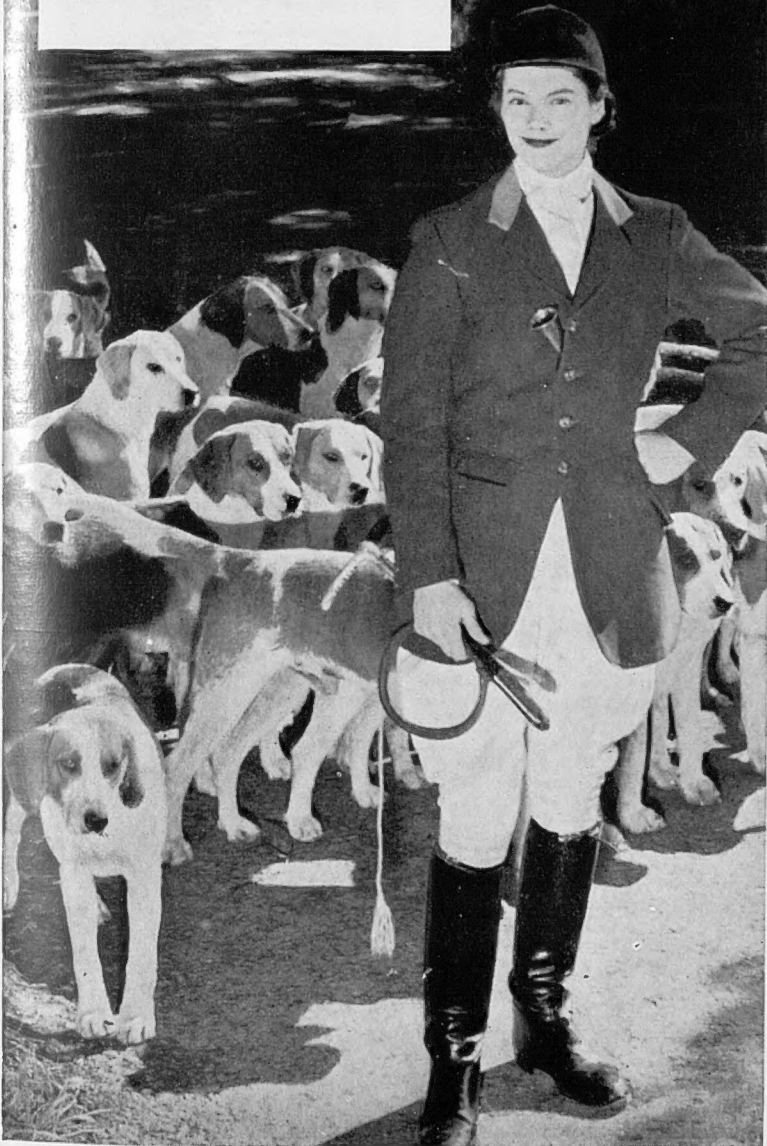
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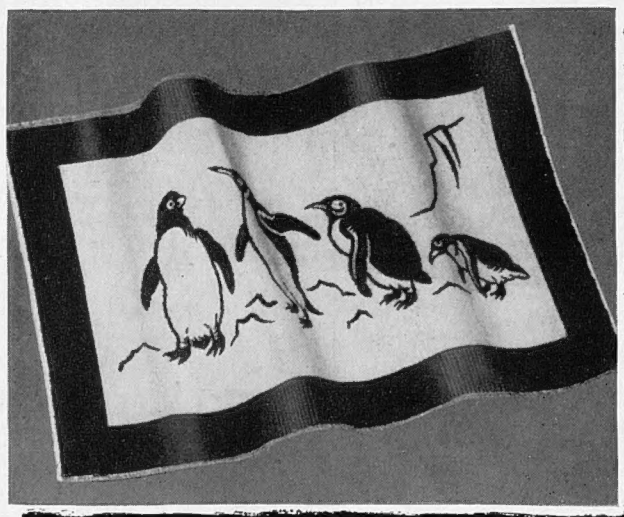


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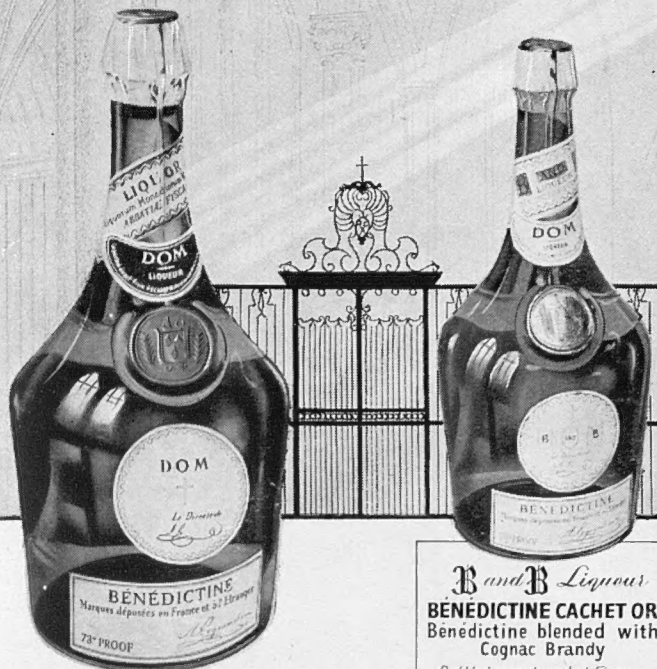
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